Destinations

Gesaffelstein

It's just a temporary slide back in the abyss
I should've seen it coming from miles away
Open armed in a thick coat of structure
Shielding me from my own blazing dagger

There was a purpose upon the horizon
A destination
Tangible and fragrant

And I march to ban you
And I march to ban you
And I march with a thousand

It's not surprising I should find myself flailing
Having crossed a bridge of certainty
Back behind enemy lines with no room til Tuesday
I didn't even fuck with the temptation
Guard down with little to do
I welcomed old habits like a long lost friend
To spite you

At dawn 'bout a week in Venice
Giving themselves up to the strengths of the menacing darkness
The shrinking hours of light are grey and feeble
The sulky trees sigh dropping their knees in defeat

The temperature falls
There's a big light switch on
And from time to time
Fireworks frightened the cats

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